LITERATURE

The land of the white elephant and the valley of the Meinam, Siam, is the subject of an ambitious descriptive work by Maxwell Sommerville, professor of glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania, which was published last week. It is not so elaborate as its large octavo form would suggest, for the paper on which it is printed is handsomely heavy and the type agreeably large.

In so limited a space it is hardly to be expected that all the wonders of this interesting country could be set out. Mr. Sommerville has restricted himself to the cities of Bangkok, the modern capital, and Ayuthia, the ancient capital, and the water scenes along the Meinam, the Mississippi of the Oriental kingdom, which is the traveler's highway between them. He writes with the correctness and unimaginative exactitude of a scientist, to whom facts only are essential and musing and moralizing are foreign. He has observed with a sharp eye and a ready pencil; nothing escaped him, and the reader who is denied the pleasures of travel will find this book on Siam a photographic reproduction of the Siamese, their domestic and religious life, and their remarkable cities. It is scarcely a description; it is a record of facts. The reader's own imagination must put together the bits offered and, with the aid of the fifty large, handsome photographic illustrations, deduce his own impressions of Siam.

In Bangkok all the varied elements of life and commerce exist—churches, schools, stores—but instead of being divided up to meet the convenience of the scattered inhabitants, each has its unified cluster. In one portion of the city are all the pawnshops, in another all the bazaars, in another all the temples, and so on through the classification of all that contributes to the conveniences and necessaries of life.

The visit to the wats is more interesting than any other chapter, because the religious life of the Siamese, who are Buddhists, is so different from our own. The wats are inclosures in which are the temples, theological schools, priests' houses and all that pertain to the religious life. Each is several acres in extent. Everywhere on the approaches to or in the vicinity of the wats dealers in gold leaf congregate, seeking to sell little books or packages of gold leaf to the devout who are on their way to the temple. The purchasers, on entering a shrine, remove whatever spots they may find on their favorite deities by attaching the sheets of gold; thus the images are kept richly gilt; in fact, the amount of gold laid on some of the images must be considerable. These same dealers sell little talismanic finger rings made from the hairs of the tails and manes of the sacred horses. Candles, millions of them, are sold, also diminutive Buddhas for a journey, and, for the decoration of the altars, ingeniously-cut paper streamers, mounted on slight bamboo stems.

The principal residents of the wats are the bonzes, or priests, and the novices, or theological students, whom Mr. Sommerville erroneously calls "novitiates," confounding the container for the contained.

The bonzes all dress in wrappings of yellow cotton cloth. Whatever they have on, they seem always to be pulling at it and adjusting their garments. Blessed unrest! The scant robes are prescribed by the law of Buddha himself, who must have thought his religion adapted only to the climate of his country, or he would certainly have made some provision for cold weather. To prevent the contamination of their robes, bonzes are not permitted to die in them. The material continues of service in the temples and finally ekes out its existence on tall, slender bamboo poles.

No one can procure government employment who has not served at least a probationary term in one of these wats; therefore, almost every boy must enter them. No matter what the position of his family, the boy must share the lot of the plebian. A taste for idleness is created by this system; and, although they must procure food by receiving alms, and must not eat a solid repast after the sun has reached the zenith, yet too large a proportion are tempted by the indolent life.

In the temple P'hra Chu Pon, in Wat Poh, is the renowned colossal sleeping Buddha. The top of its head, although reclining, is raised about thirty-eight feet from the plane on which the image is recumbent. Its length is fully one hundred and fifty feet. The enormous feet are inscribed with incidents in the god's life. On the nails of the ten toes are inscribed the attributes of Buddha. The beautiful grounds of the wats are the rendezvous of superannuated dogs, cats, and even swine. The aversion of Buddhists to take the life of any living creature makes every quiet nook an asylum for decrepit animals.

Mr. Sommerville devotes especial chapters to the museum, library, prison, theaters and gaming-houses of Bangkok, which description answers for all similar institutions in Siam. A chapter is given to Ayuthia and its ruins. He says there is food for thought, as the traveler stands in the wilderness amidst underbrush, brambles, and desolation, looking up at the deities of the long-departed citizens of the ruined metropolis. But he misses his opportunity to suggest what the mind's eye might see, and only records that the ruins of the Ayuthian temple has traces of Greek architecture grafted upon it. The one weakness of Mr. Sommerville's otherwise attractive and valuable book is the absence of the varying quality, the gentle flavor of that with which the impressionable mind embellishes what the corporal eye brings it.

Three little sketches, written by the author of the balance of the book, are appended. They are pleasant fictions "created to illustrate phases of Siamese life and custom, combined with the history of the River Meinam and of the people of the northern provinces."

Mr. Sommerville's "Siam" is a valuable addition to the literature of travel in the Orient. He has observed scrupulously, and has recorded minutely and probably accurately, and his desert is a large audience of intelligent readers, who will appreciate the care he has taken and the scarcity of kindred experiences to enlighten the untraveled of the wonders of the land of the White Elephant. (Philadelphia: Lippincott. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

And who is the author of "The Descendant?" It comes anonymously, unheralded, unpromising and surprising. It is a radical novel of vital present questions of sociology as affecting the individual. The writer seems brave in her (it reads as if it had been written by a woman, not necessarily effeminate) theories and expositions. But are we to reconcile the bravery of the expounder of the master of these pages with the timidity which keeps a secret the name of the writer?

Whether or not the view point from which the people of the story see life is our own, the strength and thoughtfulness of the writer is apparent through and through. Her hero is a boy who is born out of wedlock. In his native Virginia village this hereditary blight blackens his life, and, with hatred in his heart, but steel determination, he goes "into the world," which in this case is the vortex of New York. There he becomes a socialist, an iconoclast.

He meets a young woman, an artist. She is one of the advanced type, who reject love and matrimony and live for art alone. He has a tinge of this in his nature, but the inevitable overtakes him earlier. They do love. But she sets up her credo against her heart. Upon his part it is the nemesis of heredity. Then each fights it out in his own heart. Until this point it reads powerfully and promisingly, but in the last third of the book the author seems to have become submerged in the overwhelmingness of her own subject.

In some respects "The Decendant" suggests "Patience Sparhawk." Each resented the provincialism of the native home. Each had a battle against undesirable ancestry. Each of them floundered inexperienced into actual spinning modern life. In each book there is tremendous earnestness, but Miss Atherton handles her resources better. The author of "The Decendant" paints in a hopelessly black monochrome. There is not the relief that the opening paragraphs suggested.

There is in the world opportunity and hope even for the Michael Akershem. Human nature in cosmopolitan centers is broader than it can possibly be in provincial villages, and only perverse self need court what may suggest itself to pessimism as the inevitable. Rachel was the fool she unmeaningly called herself, and Michael at last broke on the stone wall his own blindness permitted him to hammer himself against. Still, it is none the less interesting and none the less commendable in the ambition of its boldness and the display of fine literary qualities, which are in evidence on every page. (New York: Harper. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott has given those readers who love nature many a pleasant and profitable hour in the company of his bird books, and in "A Colonial Wooing" he gave a pretty romance of constant popularity. His latest book is another fiction, "When the Century Was New." There is a well-developed interest in the romantically invested beginnings of this waning century, when people were pioneers and environment primitive, and Dr. Abbott's new story will be a satisfaction to its asking. The writer is one of those men who finds virtue in the rust of age where modern practicability discovers only an abomination. It is the appreciation of the antiquary which gives the greatest charm to his new story.

While observing the demolition of one of the relics of the last century, The Horse-Head Inn, the novelist discovers certain strange flotsam of facts, which, with the findings of some script in an old trunk, with patience and a little imagination, which is the joining-wax as it were, he converts into a consistant romance of considerable grace and charm. It is suffused with gentle simplicity, which we associate with the pioneer Quakers, a continued interest in a coherent story, and the real, natural atmosphere, which is an individualizing mark of all to which Dr. Abbott puts his pen. (Philadelphia: Lippincott. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

The story of "Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins" is a specialized type, which answers to the type of "jay play" in the drama. No effort is made to conform to or emulate the canons of literature. The book is made to appeal to a popular and primitive-minded coterie of readers represented by just such rustic characters as are the central figures in the story. To them it will appeal as a masterpiece. It is written by Belle C. Greene, the author of "The Adventures of an Old Maid," for which classic the publishers claim a sale of 100,000 copies. The old maid is Mrs. Hawkins in the present book, and doubtless the demand for her marital experience will be as great as for her maidenly adventures. It demands a peculiar talent to be able to write this style of book, and no one besides Joshua Allen's wife seems to have acquired the faculty so facilely as Miss (or Mrs.?) Greene. It is extensively illustrated and bound in paper, and the price is only 25 cents. (New York: American Publishers' Corporation.)

The first volumes of the new illustrated edition of Francis Parkman's Histories will be published by Little, Brown & Co. in May. The edition is to be a limited one, and will be printed from entirely new type. It will be in twenty medium 8vo. volumes, and will be superbly illustrated with 120 photogravure plates, made by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., consisting chiefly of authentic portraits and contemporary prints, with a number of original illustrations by Howard Pyle, B. West Clinedinst, Thule de Thulstrup, De Cost Smith, Frederick Remington, F. de Myrbach and other noted artists.

Perhaps we have not yet even had the last of the "Duchess'" books. Last week another of the romances of the late Mrs. Hungerford was published. It is called "Lovice." This is the odd name of the heroine of the story. She is a young girl who fell into the tragic trap which life has set for so many—she married the wrong man. In the silence of her heart and the noise of the world she works out her life, suffering but submissive, and the end is the inevitable. It is a sweet character, and the story is permeated with those agreeable attributes of all the late novelist's other works. In the presence of the freshness and beauty of this story one is moved to renewed admiration and wonderment at the resources of the remarkable Duchess. (Philadelphia: Lippincott. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have secured, for immediate publication in America, "The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton," with photogravure portraits and numerous illustrations. This is the life story of a most interesting and picturesque personality—Lady Burton, the wife of the famous Orientalist and explorer. The truth about her romantic love and marriage and her unique devotion to her husband is here told in a manner to excite a more than casual attention. Her travels and adventures in South America, the Syrian desert, the Holy Land, Arabia, Egypt, India, etc., are fully recounted in a most interesting manner. The real facts concerning the burning of "The Scented Garden" are told and her real motives are given. One of the interesting features of the book is a large number of letters from the famous Gen. Gordon, hitherto unpublished and of great importance. The work is promised for publication in a few weeks.

The fifth and final volume of the new American supplement to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" has been issued by the Werner Company of Akron, Ohio. It includes the topics from S to the end of the alphabet. The principal topics are savings banks, schools, the sweating system, surgery, telescope, Tennyson, trotting, wages and women. The contributors of especial eminence are Prof. R. H. Thurston, Prof. Simon Newcomb, W. H. Morsell, J. H. S. Johnstone, editor of the Horseman; John Bach McMaster, Frances E. Willard and Ellen M. Henrotin. There are over 250 illustrations. The completed set is valuable to any library and invaluable to possessors of the original encyclopaedia, for it finishes and completes what could not possibly be up to date. Throughout there is an effort to make the work thorough, and the result is a book of reference wonderful in the variety and number of its topics and the scholarly expertness with which they are all treated.

Rosa Nouchette Carey has the faculty of writing good, wholesome, attractive stories for the fireside. They count for less as literature than as entertainment, but it is a good sign in those who read and enjoy them. Her latest is "Doctor Luttrell's First Patient." This is a story of the struggle of a young physician and his wife, who struggled bravely through those hard first years of professional life before experience, confidence and practice came to ease the circumstances of the young married people. It is a plain, enjoyable tale, and Miss Carey's readers will find in it no diminution of the charms which they recognize as hers. (Philadelphia: Lippincott. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT

The Cordial Relations Which Now Exist Between Them.

An interesting feature of the McKinley Administration is the warm friendship existing between President McKinley and Vice President Hobart. The tradition that places the incumbent of the Vice Presidential office in the embarrassing situation of a man with a big title and bearing no relation whatever to the governmental machine, except to preside over the deliberations of the Senate, without the right to make a speech or the power to vote, has at last been broken. It was an open secret in Washington all during the Cleveland administration that Vice President Adlai Stevenson was as much of a stranger to the White House as was Senator Gorman, and all through no fault whatever of Adlai.

As far back as Buchanan's time, when John C. Breckinridge, one of the ablest and most popular Southern men in public life, was Vice President, the occupant of that office was ignored by the President. Breckinridge was never consulted by Buchanan but once, and that was in November preceding the close of his official term, when the President asked him for his opinion as to the wording of his Thanksgiving proclamation. Mr. Stevenson never had even that honor conferred upon him, but seemed to be absolutely forgotten by the President all during his term. Vice President Morton was on good terms with President Harrison, but there was no real intimacy between them.

All this is changed now. President McKinley and Vice President Hobart are the very best of friends, and, in a way, companions as well. Mr. Hobart is a frequent caller at the White House, where he is constantly consulted on official matters, and the President often asks him up at night to his private office, where they sit and chat and talk over affairs of state and other things less important to the country. President McKinley not only recognizes the Vice President as an important adjunct of the Administration, but he has displayed a very friendly feeling for him, and their relations have been the subject of common remark since the 4th of March. President McKinley apparently has the highest regard for Mr. Hobart, and the admiration is reciprocated. The Vice President has surprised the Senate by the readiness with which he adapts himself to the not very easy task of presiding over the Senate in a way to suit everybody.

Although a business man, with little or no parliamentary experience, he has familiarized himself with the rules with surprising quickness, and has a direct, forceful way of settling questions in the chair, while at the same time not forgetting to be impartial and courteous to every one. The Vice President is very business-like in all his official actions. He almost invariably arrives at the Vice President's room in the Senate lobby at 11 o'clock, and remains until 12, where he is accessible to all visitors, and he is almost constantly in the presiding officer's chair while the Senate is in session. Although in favor of some sort of curtailment of the privileges of debate in the Senate, Mr. Hobart is deeply interested in the speechmaking, and finds the task of listening to it more congenial than he anticipated.—New York Sun.

Longfellow's First.

It was the good fortune of the poet Longfellow to succeed early in his chosen career. He had never to encounter the bitter struggle with poverty, an unappreciative public, and reluctant publishers of which many of the great in literature have had to complain. Nevertheless, the first criticism he was fated to hear upon the first poem he ever published, was not exactly encouraging. Mrs. Fields relates the incident in a recently published volume.

The poem dealt with an episode of American history, and was called "The Battle of Lovell's Pond." It appeared one morning in the poet's corner of a Portland newspaper, and the author that same evening was invited to the house of the chief justice to meet his son, a Harvard youth, then regarded by his family and friends as a rising genius. During the evening the stately old judge, turning with a complacent air toward the young man, inquired:

"Did you see a poem in today's paper upon 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond?'"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman, with conviction, "it was a very stiff production. Get your own poem on the same subject, and I will read it to the company."

The poem was brought, and was read aloud with proud, paternal emphasis to the admiring guests, while the unknown and cruelly snubbed author of the "stiff production" was obliged to listen, sitting, as he himself said, "very still in a corner." The author of the production, which presumably was not stiff, did not, strange to say, ever become known to the great American public as a poet.—Youth's Companion.

The Seventh Cavalry Tune.

"Garryowen" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" were the tunes of the Seventh Cavalry, Gen. Custer's command, and the last one was played when the final march began, and had the brave band returned their coming would have been announced by "Garryowen," which was known as the Seventh Cavalry tune. The chorus of this favorite air showed its foreign origin.

Instead of Spa we'll drink down ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen and glory.

I saw the widow of the Indian fighter at the theater on an occasion of a military play being given in Detroit, near her husband's home. As the stage regiment was more like a real one than usually left for the field of battle the air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was played with so much power and pathos that the whole house was visibly stirred, but I only saw one pale face down which the tears were silently coursing. Before the evening was over some soldiers who were present, and had been in her husband's command at one time, saw Mrs. Custer and gave her a military salute, and the next night they gave her an ovation. Not only did the soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry love the tune, but they also knew the words and sung them—

The hour was sad I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking;
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed—
I thought her heart was breaking.
In hurried words her name I blessed,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Unanswerable.

Mr. Fussy—I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves, when you have nothing to fill them.

Mrs. Fussy—Do you fill your high hat?

Edgar Allan Poe's Airship

The great problem is at length solved! The air, as well as the earth and ocean, has been subdued by science, and will become a common and convenient highway for mankind.

The Atlantic has been actually crossed in a balloon! and this, too, without difficulty—without any great apparent danger—with thorough control of the machine—and in the inconceivably brief period of seventy-five hours from shore to shore. By the energy of an agent at Charleston, S. C., we are enabled to be the first to furnish the public with a detailed account of this most extraordinary voyage, which was performed between Saturday, the 6th instant, at 11 a. m., and 2 p. m., on Tuesday, the 9th instant, by Sir Everard Bringhurst; Mr. Osborne, a nephew of Lord Bentinck's; Mr. Monck Mason and Mr. Robert Holland, the well-known aeronauts; Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, author of "Jack Sheppard," etc., and Mr. Henson, the projector of the late unsuccessful flying machine, with two seamen from Woolwich—in all, eight persons. The particulars furnished below may be relied on as authentic and accurate in every respect, as, with a slight exception, they are copied verbatim from the joint diaries of Mr. Monck Mason and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, to whose politeness our agent is also indebted for much verbal information respecting the balloon itself, its construction, and other matters of interest. The only alteration in the MS. received, has been made for the purpose of throwing the hurried account of our agent, Mr. Forsyth, in a connected and intelligent form.

Two very decided failures, of late—those of Mr. Henson and Sir George Cayley—had much weakened the public interest in the subject of aerial navigation. Mr. Henson's scheme (which at first was considered very feasible, even by men of science) was founded upon the principle of an inclined plane, started from an eminence by an intrinsic force, applied and continued by the evolution of impinging vanes, in form and number resembling the vanes of a windmill. But, in all the experiments made with models at the Adelaide Gallery, it was found that the operation of these fans not only did not propel the machine, but actually impeded its flight. The only propelling force it ever exhibited was the mere impetus acquired from the descent of the inclined plane; and this impetus carried the machine further when the vanes were at rest, than when they were in motion—a fact which sufficiently demonstrates their inutility; and in the absence of the propelling, which was also the sustaining power, the whole fabric would necessarily descend. This consideration led Sir George Cayley to think only of adapting a propeller to some machine having of itself an independent power of support—in a word, to a balloon; the idea, however, being novel, or original, with Sir George, only so far as regards the mode of its application to practice. He exhibited a model of his invention at the Polytechnic Institution. The propelling principle, or power, was here, also, applied to interrupted surfaces, or vanes put in revolution. These vanes were four in number, but were found entirely ineffectual in moving the balloon, or in aiding its ascending power. The whole project was thus a complete failure.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Monck Mason (whose voyage from Dover to Weilburg in the balloon "Nassau" occasioned so much excitement in 1837) conceived the idea of employing the principle of the Archimedean screw for the purpose of propulsion through the air—rightly attributing the failure of Mr. Henson's scheme and of Sir George Cayley's to the interruption of service in the independent vanes. He made the first public experiment at Willis' Rooms, but afterward removed his model to the Adelaide Gallery.

Like Sir George Cayley's balloon, his own was an ellipsoid. Its length was thirteen feet six inches—height, six feet eight inches. It contained about 320 cubic feet of gas, which, if pure hydrogen, would support twenty-one pounds upon its first inflation, before the gas has time to deteriorate or escape. The weight of the whole machine and apparatus was seventeen pounds—leaving about four pounds to spare. Beneath the center of the balloon was a frame of light wood, about nine feet long, and rigged on to the balloon itself with a network in the customary manner. From this framework was suspended a wicker basket or car.

The screw consists of an axis of hollow brass tube, eighteen inches in length, through which, upon a semi-spiral inclined at fifteen degrees, pass a series of steel wire radii, two feet long, and thus projecting a foot on either side. These radii are connected at the outer extremities by two bands of flattened wire—the whole in this manner forming the framework of the screw, which is completed by a covering of oiled silk cut into gores, and tightened so as to present a tolerably uniform surface. At each end of its axis this screw is supported by pillars of hollow brass tube descending from the hoop. In the lower ends of these tubes are holes in which the pivots of the axis revolve. From the end of the axis which is next the car, proceeds a shaft of steel, connecting the screw with the pinion of a piece of spring machinery fixed in the car. By the operation of this spring, the screw is made to revolve with great rapidity, communicating a progressive motion to the whole. By the means of the rudder the machine was readily turned in any direction. The spring was of great power, compared with its dimensions, being capable of raising forty-five pounds upon a barrel of four inches diameter after the first turn, and gradually increasing as it was wound up. It weighed, altogether, eight pounds, six ounces. The rudder was a light frame of cane covered with silk, shaped somewhat like a battledore, and was about three feet long, and at the widest, one foot. Its weight was about two ounces. It could be turned flat, and directed upward or downward, as well as to the right or left; and thus enabled the aeronaut to transfer the resistance of the air, which in an inclined position it must generate in its passage, to any side upon which he might desire to act; thus determining the balloon in the opposite direction.

This model (which, through want of time, we have necessarily described in an imperfect manner) was put in action at the Adelaide Gallery, where it accomplished a velocity of five miles per hour; although, strange to say, it excited very little interest in comparison with the previous complex machine of Mr. Henson—so resolute is the world to despise anything which carries with it an air of simplicity. To accomplish the great desideratum of aerial navigation, it was very generally supposed that some exceedingly complicated application must be made of some unusually profound principle in dynamics.

So well satisfied, however, was Mr. Mason of the ultimate success of his invention, that he determined to construct immediately, if possible, a balloon of sufficient capacity to test the question by a voyage of some extent—the original design being to cross the British Channel, as before, in the Nassau balloon. To carry out his views he solicited and obtained the patronage of Sir Everard Bringhurst and Mr. Osborne, two gentlemen well known for scientific acquirement, and especially for the interest they have exhibited in the progress of aerostation. The project, at the desire of Mr. Osborne, was kept a profound secret from the public—the only persons intrusted with the design being those actually engaged in the construction of the machine, which was built, under the superintendence of Mr. Mason, Mr. Holland, Sir Everard Bringhurst and Mr. Osborne, at the seat of the last gentleman, near Penstruthal, in Wales. Mr. Henson, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Ainsworth, was admitted to a private view of the balloon, on Saturday last—when the two gentlemen made final arrangements to be included in the adventure. We are not informed for what reason the two seamen were also included in the party—but, in the course of a day or two, we shall put our readers in possession of the minutest particulars respecting this extraordinary voyage.

The balloon is composed of silk, varnished with the liquid gum caoutchouc. It is of vast dimensions, containing more than 40,000 feet of gas; but as coal gas was employed in place of the more expensive and inconvenient hydrogen, the supporting power of the machine, when fully inflated, and immediately after inflation, is not more than about 2,500 pounds. The coal gas is not only much less costly, but is easily procured and managed.

For its introduction into common use for purposes of aerostation, we are indebted to Mr. Charles Green. Up to his discovery, the process of inflation was not only exceedingly expensive, but uncertain. Two, and even three days, have frequently been wasted in futile attempts to procure a sufficiency of hydrogen to fill a balloon, from which it had a great tendency to escape, owing to its extreme subtlety, and its affinity for the surrounding atmosphere. In a balloon sufficiently perfect to retain its contents of coal gas unaltered, in quality or amount, for six months, an equal quantity of hydrogen could not be maintained in equal purity for six weeks.

The supporting power being estimated at 2,500 pounds, and the united weights of the party amounting to only about 1,200 pounds, there was left a surplus of 1,300, of which again 1,200 was exhausted by ballast, arranged in bags of different sizes, with their respective weights marked upon them—by cordage, barometers, telescopes, barrels containing provisions pet bags, and various other indispensable matters, including a coffee-warmer, contrived for warming coffee by means of slack-lime, so as to dispense altogether with fire, if it should be judged prudent to do so. All these articles, with the exception of the ballast, and a few trifles, were suspended from the hoop overhead. The car is much smaller and lighter in proportion than the one appended to the model. It is formed of a light wicker and is wonderfully strong for so frail-looking a machine. Its rim is about four feet deep. The rudder is also very much larger, in proportion, than that of the model, and the screw is considerably smaller. The balloon is furnished, besides, with a grapnel and a guide-rope, which latter is of the most indispensable importance. A few words in explanation will here be necessary for such of our readers as are not conversant with the details of aerostation.

As soon as the balloon quits the earth it is subjected to the influence of many circumstances tending to create a difference in its weight, augmenting or diminishing its ascending power. For example, there may be a deposition of dew upon the silk, to the extent even of several hundred pounds. Ballast has then to be thrown out, or the machine may descend. This ballast being discarded and a clear sunshine evaporating the dew, and at the same time expanding the gas in the silk, the whole will again rapidly ascend. To check this ascent the only recourse is (or, rather, was until Mr. Green's invention of the guide-rope) the permission of the escape of gas from the valve; but, in the loss of gas, is a proportionate general loss of ascending power; so that, in a comparatively brief period, the best constructed balloon must necessarily exhaust all its resources and come to the earth. This was the great obstacle to voyages of length.

The guide-rope remedies the difficulty in the simplest manner conceivable. It is merely a very long rope which is suffered to trail from the car, the effect of which is to prevent the balloon from changing its level in any material degree. If, for example, there should be a deposition of moisture upon the silk, and the machine begins to descend in consequence, there will be no necessity for discharging ballast to remedy the increase of weight, for it is remedied, or counteracted, in an exactly just proportion by the deposit on the ground of just so much of the end of the rope as is necessary. If, on the other hand, any circumstances should cause undue levity and consequent ascent, this levity is immediately counteracted by the additional weight of rope upraised from the earth. Thus the balloon can neither ascend nor descend except within very narrow limits, and its resources, either in gas or ballast, remain comparatively unimpaired. When passing over an expanse of water it becomes necessary to employ small kegs of copper or wood filled with liquid ballast of a lighter nature than water. These float and serve all the purposes of a mere rope on land. Another most important office of the guide-rope is to point out the direction of the balloon. The rope drags, either on land or sea, while the balloon is free; the latter, consequently, is always in advance when any progress whatever is made. A comparison, therefore, by means of the compass of the relative positions of the two objects will always indicate the course. In the same way, the angle formed by the rope with the vertical axis of the machine indicates the velocity. When there is no angle—in other words, when the rope hangs perpendicularly—the whole apparatus is stationary; but the larger the angle—that is to say, the farther the balloon precedes the end of the rope—the greater the velocity, and the converse.

As the original design was to cross the British Channel and alight as near Paris as possible, the voyagers had taken the precaution to prepare themselves with passports directed to all parts of the continent, specifying the nature of the expedition, as in the case of the Nassau voyage, and entitling the adventurers to exemption from the usual formalities of office. Unexpected events, however, rendered these passports superfluous.

The inflation was commenced very quietly at daybreak on Saturday morning, the 6th instant, in the courtyard of Weal-Vor House, Mr. Osborne's seat, about a mile from Penstruthal, in North Wales; and at seven minutes past 11, everything being ready for departure, the balloon was set free, rising gently but steadily, in a direction nearly south; no use being made for the first half hour, of either the screw or the rudder. We proceed now with the journal, as transcribed by Mr. Forsyth from the joint MSS. of Mr. Monck Mason, and Mr. Ainsworth. The body of the journal, as given, is in the handwriting of Mr. Mason, and a P. S. is appended, each day, by Mr. Ainsworth, who has in preparation, and will shortly give the public, a more minute, and no doubt, a thrillingly interesting account of the voyage.

Saturday, April the 6th.—Every preparation likely to embarass us, having been made over night, we commenced the inflation this morning at daybreak; but owing to a thick fog which encumbered the folds of the silk and rendered it unmanageable, we did not get through before nearly 11 o'clock. Cut loose, then, in high spirits, and rose gently but steadily, with a light breeze at north, which bore us in the direction of the British Channel. Found the ascending force greater than we had expected; and as we arose higher and so got clear of the cliffs, and in the sun's rays our ascent became very rapid. I did not wish, however, to lose gas also early a period of the adventure, and so concluded to ascend for the present. We soon ran out our guide rope; but even when we had raised it clear of the earth, we still went up very rapidly. The balloon was unusually steady, and looked beautiful. In about ten minutes after starting, the barometer indicated an altitude of 15,000 feet. The weather was remarkably fine, and the view of the adjacent country—a most romantic one when seen from any point—was now especially sublime. The numerous deep gorges presented the appearance of lakes, on account of the dense vapors with which they were filled, and the pinnacles and crags to the southeast, piled in inextricable confusion, resembled nothing so much as the giant cities of eastern fable. We were rapidly approaching the mountains in the south; but our elevation was more than sufficient to enable us to pass them in safety. In a few minutes we soared over them in fine style; and Mr. Ainsworth, with the seamen, were surprised at their apparent want of altitude when viewed from the car, the tendency of great elevation in a balloon being to reduce inequalities of the surface below to nearly a dead level. At half past 11, still proceeding nearly south, we obtained our first view of the Bristol Channel, and, in fifteen minutes afterward, the line of breakers on the coast appeared immediately beneath us, and we were fairly out at sea. We now resolved to let off enough gas to bring our guide rope, with the buoys affixed, into the water. This was immediately done, and we commenced a gradual descent. In about twenty minutes our first buoy dipped, and at the touch of the second soon afterward, we remained stationary as to elevation. We were all now anxious to test the efficiency of the rudder and screw, and we put them both into requisition forthwith, for the purpose of altering our direction more to the eastward, and in a line for Paris. By means of the rudder we instantly effected the necessary change of direction, and our course was brought nearly at right angles to that of the wind; when we set in motion the spring of the screw, and were rejoiced to find it propelled us readily as desired. Upon this we gave nine hearty cheers, and dropped into the sea a bottle, enclosing a slip of parchment with a brief account of the principle of the invention. Hardly, however, had we done with our rejoicings when an unforseen accident occurred which discouraged us in no little degree. The steel rod connecting the spring with the propeller was suddenly jerked out of place at the car end (by a swaying of the car through some movement of one of the two seamen we had taken up), and in an instant hung dangling out of reach from the pivot of the axis of the screw. While we were endeavoring to regain it our attention being completely absorbed, we became involved in a strong current of wind from the east, which bore us, with rapidly increasing force toward the Atlantic. We soon found ourselves driving out to sea at the rate of not less, certainly, than fifty or sixty miles an hour, so that we came up with Cape Clear, at some forty miles to our north, before we had secured the rod, and had time to think what we were about. It was now that Mr. Ainsworth made an extraordinary, but, to my fancy, a by no means unreasonable or chimerical, proposition, in which he was instantly seconded by Mr. Holland—viz., that we should take advantage of the strong gale which bore us on, and in place of beating back to Paris, make an attempt to reach the coast of North America. After slight reflection I gave a willing assent to this bold proposition, which, strange to say, met with objection from the two seamen only. As the stronger party, however, we overruled their fears and kept resolutely upon our course. We steered due west, but as the trailing of the buoys materially impeded our progress and we had the balloon abundantly at command, either for ascent or descent, we first threw out fifty pounds of ballast and then wound up, by means of a windlass, so much of the rope as brought it quite clear of the sea. We perceived the effect of this maneuver immediately in a vastly increased rate of progress; and as the gale freshened we flew with a velocity nearly inconceivable, the guide-rope flying out behind the car like a streamer from a vessel. It is needless to say that a very short time sufficed us to lose sight of the coast. We passed over innumerable vessels of all kinds, a few of which were endeavoring to beat up, but the most of them lying to. We occasioned the greatest excitement on board all—an excitement greatly relished by ourselves, and especially by our two men, who, now under the influence of a dram of Geneva, seemed resolved to give all scruple, or fear, to the wind. Many of the vessels fired signal guns, and in all we were saluted with loud cheers, which we heard with surprising distinctness, and the waving of caps and handkerchiefs. We kept on in this manner throughout the day with no material incident, and, as the shades of night closed around us, we made a rough estimate of the distance traversed. It could not have been less than 500 miles, and was probably much more. The propeller was kept in constant operation and no doubt aided our progress materially. As the sun went down the gale freshened into an absolute hurricane, and the ocean beneath was clearly visible on account of its phosphorescence. The wind was from the east all night and gave us the brightest omen of success. We suffered no little from cold, and the dampness of the atmosphere was most unpleasant; but the ample space in the car enabled us to lie down, and by means of cloaks and a few blankets, we did sufficiently well.

P. S.—(By Mr. Ainsworth). The last nine hours have been unquestionably the most exciting of my life. I can conceive nothing more sublimating than the strange peril and novelty of an adventure such as this. May God grant that we succeed! I ask not success for mere safety to my insignificant person, but for the sake of human knowledge and—for the vastness of the triumph. And yet the feat is only so evidently feasible that the sole wonder is why men have scrupled to attempt it before. One single gale such as now befriends us—let such a tempest whirl forward a balloon for four or five days (these gales often last longer), and the voyager will be easily borne in that period from coast to coast. In view of such a gale, the broad Atlantic becomes a mere lake. I am more struck, just now, with the supreme silence which reigns in the sea beneath us, notwithstanding its agitation, than with any other phenomenon presenting itself. The waters give up no voice to the heavens. The immense, flaming ocean writhes and is tortured uncomplainingly. The mountainous surges suggest the idea of innumerable dumb, gigantic fiends, struggling in impotent agony. In a night such as is this to me a man lives—lives a whole century of ordinary life—nor would I forego this raptuous delight for that of a whole century of ordinary existence.

Sunday, the 7th—(Mr. Mason's MS.) This morning the gale, by 10, had subsided to an eight or nine knot breeze (for a vessel at sea), and bears us, perhaps, thirty miles per hour or more. It has veered, however, very considerably to the north; and now, at sundown, we are holding our course due west, principally by the screw and rudder, which answer their purposes to admiration. I regard the project as thoroughly successful, and the easy navigation of the air in any direction (not exactly in the teeth of a gale) as no longer problematical. We could not have made head against the strong wind of yesterday; but, by ascending, we might have got out of its influence, if requisite. Against a pretty stiff breeze I feel convinced we can make our way with the propeller. At noon today ascended to an elevation of nearly 25,000 feet by discharging ballast. Did this to search for a more direct current, but found none so favorable as the one we are now in. We have an abundance of gas to take us across this small pond, even should the voyage last three weeks. I have not the slightest fear for the result. The difficulty has been strangely exaggerated and misapprehended. I can choose my current, and should I find all currents against me, I can make very tolerable headway with the propeller. We have had no incidents worth recording. The night promises fair.

P. S.—(By Mr. Ainsworth.) I have little to record, except the fact (to me quite a surprising one) that, at an elevation equal to that of Cotopaxi, I experienced neither very intense cold, nor headache, nor difficulty of breathing; neither, I find, did Mr. Mason nor Mr. Holland nor Sir Everard. Mr. Osborne complained of constriction of the chest—but this soon wore off. We have flown at a great rate during the day, and we must be more than half way across the Atlantic. We have passed over some twenty or thirty vessels of various kinds, and all seem to be delightfully astonished. Crossing the ocean in a balloon is not so difficult a feat, after all. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." Mem.: At 25,000 feet elevation the sky appears nearly black, and the stars are distinctly visible; while the sea does not seem convex (as one might suppose), but absolutely and most unequivocally concave.

Monday, the 8th—(Mr. Mason's MS.) This morning we had again some little trouble with the rod of the propeller, which must be entirely remodeled, for fear of serious accident—I mean the steel rod, not the vanes. The latter could not be improved. The wind has been blowing steadily and strongly from the northeast all day; and so far fortune seems bent upon favoring us. Just before day we were all somewhat alarmed at some odd noises and concussions in the balloon, accompanied with the apparent rapid subsidence of the whole machine. These phenomena were occasioned by the expansion of the gas, through increase of heat in the atmosphere, and the consequent disruption of the minute particles of ice with which the network had become encrusted during the night. Threw down several bottles to the vessels below. See one of them picked up by a large ship—seemingly one of the New York line packets. Endeavored to make out her name, but could not be sure of it. Mr. Osborne's telescope made it out something like "Atalanta." It is now 12 at night, and we are still going nearly west at a rapid pace. The sea is peculiarly phosphorescent.

P. S.—(By Mr. Ainsworth.) It is now 2 a. m. and nearly calm, as well as I can judge, but it is very difficult to determine this point, since we move with the air so completely. I have not slept since quitting Weal-Vor, but can stand it no longer, and must take a nap. We cannot be far from the American coast.

Tuesday, the 9th—(Mr. Ainsworth's MS.) One p. m. We are in full view of the low coast of South Carolina. The great problem is accomplished. We have crossed the Atlantic—fairly and easily—crossed it in a balloon! God be praised! Who shall say that anything is impossible hereafter?

The journal here ceases. Some particulars of the descent were communicated, however, by Mr. Ainsworth to Mr. Forsyth. It was nearly dead calm when the voyagers first came in view of the coast, which was immediately recognized by Mr. Osborne. The latter gentleman having acquaintances at Fort Moultrie, it was immediately resolved to descend in its vicinity. The balloon was brought over the beach, the tide being out and the sand hard, smooth and admirably adapted for a descent, and the grapnel let go, which took firm hold at once. The inhabitants of the island and of the fort thronged out, of course, to see the balloon, but it was with the greatest difficulty that anyone could be made to credit the actual voyage—the crossing of the Atlantic. The grapnel caught at 2 p. m. precisely, and thus the whole voyage was completed in seventy-five hours, or rather less, counting from shore to shore. No serious accident occurred; no real danger was at any time apprehended. The balloon was exhausted and secured without trouble, and when the MS. from which this narrative is compiled was dispatched from Charleston the party was still at Fort Moultrie. Their further intentions were not ascertained, but we can safely promise our readers some additional information either on Monday or in the course of the next day at furthest.

This is unquestionably the most stupendous, the most interesting and the most important undertaking ever accomplished or even attempted by man. What magnificent events may ensue it would be useless now to think of determining.

Stories of Voorhees.

For many years Senator Voorhees has had a sobriquet, "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." In a contest for the House of Representatives he had for his opponent Col. Thomas H. Nelson. The canvass was a very amicable one, and the two candidates traveled together much of the time. Col. Nelson invented the title, "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," and used it throughout the campaign. The name stuck.

Senator Voorhees was proud of his record in the United States Senate. He has told a joke on himself as a Senator. Everybody knows his nephew, John E. Risley, the minister to Denmark. Risley has a son, Richmond, of whom Voorhees was very fond. A few years ago he was visiting his nephew. Little Richmond shortly before had been presented with a very fine donkey. As soon as the Senator arrived Richmond showed him the treasure.

"Uncle Dan," said the boy, "that is the smartest donkey in the world."

"I have no doubt it is," said Voorhees.

"Uncle Dan, I believe that donkey could learn to talk."

"Certainly he could," said Voorhees, "and if you give him a pail of salt to eat every morning he will learn to talk. I wouldn't be surprised if he got upon his legs and made a speech."

"I don't believe I will teach him to talk," said Richmond, after gravely considering the Senator's suggestion.

"Why not?" asked Uncle Dan.

"Well," said the boy, "I don't want my donkey to learn to talk and become a Senator."—St. Louis Republic.

Moral Science.

Once upon a time a prominent scientist was asked: "Why does a bucket of water weigh no more after a live fish has been thrown in?" He wrote a learned explanation. Other scientists took up the question. Fish were dissected, their lungs were examined under the microscope, all the laboratories looked like fish markets, controversy ran high. New theories of specific gravity were revolutionizing science, when an inquiring small boy discovered by experiment that three pounds of live fish do add just three pounds to the weight of a bucket of water. Moral: It is just as well to know that a thing is so, before trying to find out why it is so.—New York Journal.